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Two months	12.00	24.00	36.00	48.00	60.00
Three months	18.00	36.00	54.00	72.00	90.00
Six months	32.00	64.00	96.00	128.00	160.00
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COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Circuit Court.—Hon. R. P. Pappas, Jr., Judge.
T. R. Young, Com. Atty.
J. M. Crawford, Clerk.
County Court.—Hon. M. M. Cassidy, Judge.
J. R. Garrett, Judge.
W. B. Tipton, Sheriff.
C. G. Kagan, Deputy.
T. H. Proctor, Jailor.
E. E. Garrett, Jailor.
J. W. Barronette, Marshal.
Thos. McEneaney, Pros. Atty.

BUSINESS CARDS.
HAZELRIGGS & WYNN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, Mount Sterling, Ky.
Jan. 9-17

J. M. BENT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath and the adjoining counties. REFERENCE.—General Wm. L. Jackson, formerly Judge of the 10th Judicial Circuit of Va., and now resident Attorney, Louisville, Kentucky.
OFFICE.—Up stairs, entrance one door below Reese's Jewelry Store.
Jan. 9-17

B. A. SEEVER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to his care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all claims against the United States Government.
Jan. 9-17

REID & REID,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business confided to their care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all claims against the United States Government.
Jan. 9-17

W. H. HOLT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, Wolfe, Morgan, Magoffin counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17

TURNER & CORNELISON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, and Clarke counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17

D. P. DRAKE, JR.,
DRS. DRAKE.
Office and rooms over Wynn's Grocery, where they may always be found except when absent on professional business.
Special attention given to chronic skin diseases.
Jan. 30-31

G. M. McMAHAN,
DENTAL SURGEON.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Office over Johnson & Thompson's store, on Main Street.
Jan. 11-17

T. H. RIGGEN,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Office over Maudie's Shoe Store.
Main Street.
Jan. 11-17

DR. JAMES THORNTON,
Practicing Physician.
MT. STERLING, KY.
TENDERS his professional services to the people of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.
Office and Residence on Main Street, opposite the Presbyterian Church.
Apr. 3-4-5-6

DR. HANNAH GUERREY,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office opposite National Hotel, Mt. Sterling.
Where one of them may always be found, day and night unless professionally absent.
Jan. 9-17

ROBERT MOORE,
PORTRAIT, ANIMAL, AND LANDSCAPE PAINTER.
PORTRAITS of office stock, and horses, painted on reasonable terms. Photographic portraits enlarged to any size up to life, on paper or canvass painted in oil colors.
STUDIO—Over Tulliver's & Co's store, Winchester, Ky.
Jan. 23-17

Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
Grain and Country Produce Generally.
COAL, SALT, LUMBER, ETC.
Yard and Warehouse, near Freight Depot.
Jan. 23-17

G. C. KNIFFIN,
—DEALER IN—
Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Iron and Marble Mantels,
Tin-Ware, Pumps, Wooden-Ware,
AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &C.
MAIN STREET, (Hinton's Block) PARIS, KY.
Jan. 23-17

KENTUCKY HOTEL
Cor. Main & Maysville Sts.,
MT. STERLING, KY.
MRS. MARY CARTER, Proprietress.

THIS House has recently been thoroughly refurnished, and is now in complete order for the reception of guests.
The proprietress is anxious for the very liberal patronage of those who may extend to her their patronage, and no effort will be spared on the part of her or her assistants, to render them the utmost satisfaction. Her

TABLE
is at all times supplied with the best market affords. The

SALOON
Is under the management of Mr. J. W. Drennon, and is supplied with the choicest foreign and Domestic Liquors, Fine Cigars, To

Is under the management of Mr. J. W. Drennon, and is supplied with the choicest foreign and Domestic Liquors, Fine Cigars, To

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1868.

NUMBER 31.

Select Poetry.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.
My wife had left her home to seek,
The day I worshipped in her cheek—
Like Persian oil, my sky had paled—
A letter every day I mail d,
And often wrote in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."
All hallow'd by her tears and prayers
He staid with me; it less'n'd cares,
He be the nestling slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too,
And so I wrote her now and then
"The baby slept all night again."
One morn he languish'd by my side,
Dumb-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved be happy still,
So wrote I in my wretched strain
"The baby slept all night again."
But when, in turn she fondly wrote,
Her pet names using in her note,
With endless talk about the baby
Of him who slept so cold and dead;
I sat the better truth to pen
"He sleeps to wake no more again."
And when upon my breast she lay,
And solv'd her precious bloom away,
And griefful grief, while of the dead
We thought, within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it close her pain,
"He wakes to sleep no more again."

Miscellaneous.

Readers and friends of the Sentinel:
Having obtained the consent of the accomplished Editor and Proprietor of our excellent paper to become a contributor to its columns, I propose, in the articles I shall occasionally write, to present to the reader the philosophy and moral teachings of this ancient and honorable institution; and I appeal to all our dear brethren here and elsewhere to examine themselves, and see how far their thoughts, words, and actions accord with the sublime principles of morality which they so frequently hear incanted within the sacred precincts of the lodge room.

Many of the youth of our beloved country have been very greatly demoralized by the late unhappy war. Indeed, there are few, old or young, who have not been more or less influenced by the spirit of the times. We cannot without qualification, accede to the proposition that man is the architect of his own fortune. Neither is it true that he is the creature of circumstances. The former, if made the basis of inquiry respecting his powers of prerogatives, deifies man; the latter places him below the brute; for here meeting instinct is the guide, while in that man over whom circumstances have absolute control, reason is dethroned, and he is, like the demagogue of ancient times, wholly at the mercy of the evil inclinations and base passions of fallen humanity. Between these extremes man finds his true position in the scale of being. He is not a god, having absolute control either of himself or of circumstances, neither is he a brute, governed by blind impulses, but he is emphatically man, whose powers though great are limited, and wonderfully adapt him to the sphere intended him by the great Creator and Governor of all things.

Man is a creature of motives but not of circumstances. He never acts without some motive or reason for acting. Nor can we conceive of any intelligent volition without the accompanying motion as the antecedent condition of the volition.—Hence the Bible, which is a book of precepts and motives, addresses man as he is. Masonry, also, once an operative art, but now a purely speculative system, addresses him as such. All the implements as well as the materials and work of the operative mason have been spiritualized so that it can truly be said, "Masonry is a beautiful system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." Divine Truth, the chief corner stone on which the whole superstructure rests, the center from which a late all his light and holy influences, is presented as the glorious reward of the speculative mason. What motive more inspiring! What reward more worthy the aspirations of genius!

The great object of the institution is the elevation of man as a social and moral being, to make him a better neighbor, citizen, husband, father, son. To accomplish this it constantly directs his attention to the Holy Scriptures as the inestimable gift of God for the enlightenment of the human mind, and as the only divine toy of our faith and practice in the discharge of all those sacred duties which we owe to God, our neighbor and ourselves.

SIT LUX.
The wonderful value of interest is well enough illustrated by a slight anecdote told of the millionaire Stephen Whitney. In a thoughtless moment he was about to give a penny to a beggar, but arrested his hand in time, saying, "I am disposed to do so—I don't care for the penny, but I should lose the interest forever, and I really can't afford that."

Kisses.

A kiss is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering tender kiss will flood the heart with joyous emotions when a volume of words might fail. It blindeth upon the soul spirit, and oft given, covereth a multitude of shortcomings. None of us can forget that it was the panacea of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted independence, find all that is needful to existence within themselves; but to those gentle, domestic beings who make glad homes. A frequent, heart-given kiss will keep fresh the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness or indifference.

The lover bestows them profusely on his sweetheart, and marvels at her levity when she demands to meet him. She is beautiful, for joy has made her so. The husband gives them not, and soon is wondering at the change so brief a period has wrought in his wife. Although she listens anxiously for his footfalls, her face does not brighten as of yore, nor does she spring to meet him for the caress she yearns for, but knows will not be given. She becomes exacting, and if he is related, asks reproachfully how he can stay away so long from his family, which meets with an acid reply. They preside silently at the meal, vying in an apparent unconsciousness of each other's presence, the silence only disturbed by the crowing blue-eyed baby in the mother's arms.

With the first unkind word a charm has been broken, and imperfections have been exhibited which the soil of love had covered. The wife has even become suspicious of her husband's truth, though he is faithful as the needle to the pole.

This is a sad picture, but too often true, and followed by a life of regrets that two should have committed so gross an error as to be unquarrelly yoked. Their ideas, tastes, and ambition may flow in the same channel; the love of Christ may dwell in the heart of each, and a life may be next door to Heaven; but for the erroneous step taken by the young husband, who has raised a dust, obscuring the once clear vision of his wife.

Men are repelled by woman's coldness or indifference. Scolding they cannot endure, and treat it with scornful muteness, sharp rebukes, or leave the house, until, as they wittingly say, "the domestic atmosphere has cleared off." They cast all the blame upon their wives, and friends who obtain glimpses behind the scenes console them too, when the mistake which has expanded into a sin, originated with the husband.

When man perceives that a woman's manner is less witty than he desires, let him catch himself in an unkind word, and see if it has been as tender as when first he fondly called her his own. Let him see if he has not become too matter-of-fact, which manner his wife strongly reverts.

Woman must have demonstrations of affection. Her nature requires them. Man is the head to whom she not only proudly looks for support, but upon whom she leans for her earth-happiness from his manifested love. When our fellow-beings think and tell us we are perfect, we dare not appear otherwise. When they consider us beautiful, we wreath our face in smiles to render it so.

It is a little art, requiring no waste of time, to lay now and then our cheek to the one we love, to stroke back the hair, to send a thrill through the fingers by a pressure and seal with kisses the lips that would elide us when we have varied from their presence. When these very trifles make up the sum of a clinging, loving, pure woman's happiness, will you, who glory in the strength and bravery of your manhood, withhold them?

You are the mighty column—a nation's pride, but without the Corinthian cap which completes, unless your wife crown you with the tendrils and leaves of her well-founded trust. Will you forfeit your crown by slights? Will you not treat lovingly the wife who can say, in the beautiful language which Scott puts into the mouth of Amy, wife of Leicester, "All that woman can, I have given him, name and fame. A queen could give him no more."

Will you not give every evidence that is needful to the happiness of the mother of your children? To her who has watched prayerfully beside your bed of pain when others slept? Will you not, and reap the reward of the faithful, "well done."

I Wish I Had Capital.

So we heard a great strapping young man exclaim the other day in an office. We did want to give him a piece of our mind so bad; and I will just write to him. You want capital, do you? And suppose you had what you call capital, what would you do with it? You want capital! Haven't you hands and feet, and muscle and bone, and brains, and don't you call them capital? What more capital did God give anybody? "O, but they are not money," say you. But they are more than money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it's time you were learning. Take hold of the plow, or hoe, or jack plane, or broad-ax, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Ay, but there's the rub! You don't want to work; you want money, so you may play gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the vagabond.

Or you want a plantation with plenty of hiredlings upon it to do the work, while you run over the country and dissipate; or you want to marry some rich girl who may be foolish enough to take you for your good looks, that she may support you.

Shame on you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have, and you'll soon make interest enough upon it to give you as much money as you want and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money on what capital you have, you could not make it if you had a million dollars in money. If you don't know how to use time, muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital that you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the same thing with you if you had gold; you would only know how to waste it.

Then don't stand about idle, a great helpless child waiting for somebody to come in and tell you, but go to work. Take the first work you can find, no matter what it is, so that you do it well. Yes, whatever you undertake, do it well; always do your best. If you manage the capital you already have, you will soon have plenty more to manage; but if you can't or won't manage the capital God has given you, you will never have any other to manage. Do you hear, young man?—*Rutland Co. Journal.*

How to Make a Wife Unhappy.

See her as seldom as possible. If she is warm hearted and cheerful, or if after a day's or a week's absence, she meets you with a smiling face, and in an affectionate manner, be sure to look coldly on her, and answer her in monosyllables. If she regards her tears, and is resolved to look cheerful sit down and gaze in her presence till she is fully convinced of your indifference. Never think for a moment that you have anything to do to make her happy, but that happiness consists in gratifying your caprices, and when she has done all that a woman can do, be sure you do not appear satisfied. Never take an interest in any of her pursuits, and if she asks your advice, make her feel that she is troublesome and impertinent. If she attempts to rally you good humoredly on any of your peculiarities, never join in the laugh, but frown her into silence. If she has talents—which undoubtedly she has, and is ignorant of—never attempt to correct them, but be certain to continually overlook upon her ears; "What a good wife somebody else has, and how happy a man must be with such a wife." In company, never seem to know that you have a wife—treat all her remarks with indifference, and be very affable and complimentary to every lady present except your wife. If you strictly follow the above directions, you may be certain of an obedient and a broken-hearted wife.

As old maxims are great in all that concerns the management of children, it is but natural that old bachelors should possess peculiar wisdom respecting wedded bliss and the preservation thereof. Accordingly we have heard with attention a better upon this important subject from the Old Bachelor of Harper's Bazar. "The great happiness of married life," says this sage authority, "is made up of a myriad little facts and compliances and surrenders upon both sides." "Matrimony is an enormous compromise." "Perfect courtesy, an incessant guard upon the temper that no irritability shall become a habit, the constant conviction that where two have equal authority, a harmonious decision can be always reached only by the utmost reasonableness; those are little amulets that will banish the evil spirits and keep your home serene." We think this is pretty fair advice to come from a dried-up old chap who, for aught we know, was never in love, was never married, never knew the felicity of kissing or the pain of spanking his own children, and who seeks to make up by theories not altogether original for his deficiency in practical experimental

knowledge. We trust that all new bachelors in the art of conjugal joy will carefully study his counsels and profit by them to the utmost. But let us whisper to all such that the vital secret of marital blessedness is, after all, to love each other deeply, fondly, and sincerely. Let there be one heart and one mind in the two married partners, then all the little facts, compliances and surrenders will take care of themselves.

Things a Woman Can't Do.
A lady writer, who is slightly disposed to turn traitor to her sex, states that there are three things a woman can't do—the most important admission that has been extorted from the sex since Madame Eve ate the apple. Hear the following "open confession":

First, she can't sharpen a lead pencil. Give her one and see. Mark how jaggedly she hacks away every particle of wood around the lead, leaving an unsupportable spike of the latter, which breaks immediately when used. You can almost forgive the male creature his compassionate contempt at chucking her under the chin, he twitches it from her awkward little jaws, and rounds and tapers it in the most enviable manner, for dandle use. I wish to hear no more on that point, because when I once make up my mind, "all the King's men" can't change it.

Well, then, secondly—A woman can't do up a bundle. She takes a whole newspaper to do up a paper of pins, and a coil of rope to tie it, and it will come undone at that. When I go shopping I look on with the fascinated gaze of a bird in the neighborhood of a magnetic serpent to watch clerks do up bundles. How the paper falls just into the right crease; how deftly they turn it over, and tuck it under, and tie it up, and then throw it down upon the counter as if they had done the most common thing in the world, instead of a deed which might, and in faith does, task the ingenuity of "angels." It is perfectly astonishing.

Thirdly—I may allude to the fact that a woman can't carry an umbrella, or, rather, to the very peculiar manner in which they perform that duty; but I won't. When they unfold the parachute alighted to, they put it down over their noses, take the middle of the sidewalk, taking off men's hats and women's bonnets as they go, and walking right into the breakfast of some wight, with that disregard of the consequent gasp, which to be understood must be felt, as the offender cocks up one corner of the parachute and looks defiantly at the victim who has the effrontery to come into the world and hazard the whiplash and handle of her "unbrill!"

Making a Dogging.

Every day we meet young men, just beginning life, anxious to improve their position, and ignorant of what course to take, yearning for the excitement that awaits them in the struggle of life in the years before them, but unable to discover means by which to obtain the object of their desire.

To all such, we don't not, every one of us would gladly stretch forth a helping hand, and aid in their struggle with words, and all we could say would be, get knowledge—Apply yourself assiduously and resolutely, energetically and perseveringly to acquire skill and information connected with your profession, whatever that may be; be alive to all that is passing around you; and to dissipation and extravagance of all kinds, and be ready to take advantage of the first opportunity that may offer to apply your acquired skill and information in the most profitable and remunerative paths. Bear in mind that if you can never make a beginning, you can never make an end.

The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put into the ground, the first dollar put into the savings bank, are all very important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with that you have undertaken. How many poor, idle, erring, hesitating, onerous, who is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, might have held his head up and prospered if he had only made a beginning, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry. It is by following out this principle that we see so many instances of men who originally have commenced from very humble beginnings outstrip their competitors in the race of life, by acquiring information which the others had neglected or put off acquiring till a more convenient season; by force of study and a strong will and indomitable perseverance, they have become generals while the others have remained in the ranks. There is no spectacle more encouraging and beautiful, and more worthy of our admiration, than that of a man of humble lot embattling trials and adversities by patience, and overcoming them by integrity and a persevering will—a man who, when his legs fail him, can walk upon his courage."

Jim Wolfe and the Tom Cats.

BY MARK TWAIN.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow, he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the inflection was couched in the following language:

"We was all boys, then, and didn't care for nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilement all the time. This hyar Jim Wolfe I was a talking about, was the prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and most forgiving; and onselfish, I ever see—well, there couldn't be a more bullfinch boy than what he was, take him how you would; and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time."

"Me and Henry was always pestering him and plastering hoss bills on his back and putting bumble-bees in his belt, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight 'cross him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was 19, he was, and long, and lank, and bashful, and we was 15 and 16, and tolerably lazy and worthless."

"So that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave the candy peltin' they started us off to bed early, so as the company could have full swing, and we rung on Jim to have some fun."

"Our win'ow looked out onto the roof of the ell, and I about 10 o'clock a couple of old tom-cats got to rarin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin—There was four inches of snow on the roof and it was froze so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shinin' bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they'd stand on and c-row-c-row, just the same as if they was cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and hush up their tails, and swell around and spit, then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of hair off the yellow cat's hani, and spin him around like the button on a barn door—But the yellow cat was game, and he'd cum and clinch, and they'd gouge, and bite and howl, and the way they'd make the far fly was powerful."

"Well Jim he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake 'em off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we ev'lastingly dogged him and lullyragged him, and 'lowed he always bragged he wouldn't take dare, and so on, till limely he listel up the win'ow, and lo and behold he went—went as he was—nothing on but a shirt, and it was short. You ought to see him cree-cree-pin over that ice, and diggin' in his toe nails and his finger nails for to keep him from slippin', and above all you ought to see that shirt flappin' in the wind, and them long ridiculous shanks of his'n a glistenin' in the moonlight."

"Them company folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that onery shed of dead Wash'ton Bower vines—all settin' around about two dozen sassafras of hot can ly, which they sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothing about the panorama that was going on over their heads. Well Jim, he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' up onbeknowns to them tom cats—they was a swishin' their tails and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' no attention he went a sneakin' and a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof till he was in a foot and a half of 'em and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yellow cat! But by gash, he slipped fire and slipped his tolt, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back and off'n that roof like a dart,—went a smashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines and headed right down in the dead center of all them company people,—set down like a yeast quake in them two dozen sassafras of red-hot can ly, and let off a howl that was hark from the tomb."

"These girls—well, they left you know. They see he wasnt dressed for company; so they left. All done in a second; it was just one little war whoop, and a whisk of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was at that time in sight about there anywhere."

"Jim, he was in sight. He was gormed with the bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and hawl more busted sassafras hangin' to him than if he was a Japan princess—and he came a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and a cussin' and every jump he give he'd shed some chine,

STIPULATIONS WITH ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements ordered for less than one month will be charged fifty cents per square for each insertion after the first. Special notices 15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 10 cents a line for each subsequent insertion. Moral and death notices inserted gratuitously. Thirty notices ten cents per line. The privileges extended to annual advertisers will be strictly confined to their own business, and advertisements occupying more space than contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the legitimate business of the contracting parties, will be charged for extra, at our published rates.

and every squirm he fetched he dripped some canly."

"And blistered, why bless your soul, that poor creature couldn't reely set down comfortably or as much as four weeks."

"She Works for a Living."

We don't know who wrote the following lines, nor how often they have been published and republished, but they contain so many good points that they are worthy to be started anew on the sea of literature once or twice a year:

Come meet us to the girl of whom it is sneeringly said, "she works for a living;" in her we are always sure to find the elements of a true woman—a real lady.—Time, we are not prepared to see a mining stop, a haughty lip, a fashionable dress, or hear a string of splendid nonsense about the balls and young men, the new novels and the next party—no, no, but we are prepared to hear the sound words of good sense, language becoming women—a neat dress, mild ways, and to witness movements that would not disgrace an angel.

You who are looking for wives and companions, turn from the fashionable, lazy and haughty girls, and select one from those who work for a living and never—our word for it—will you repent your choice. You want a substantial friend, and not a doll; a help-mate, and not a help eat; a counselor, and not a simoleon. You may not be able to carry a piano into your house, but you can buy a spinning wheel or a set of knitting needles. If you cannot purchase every new novel, you may be able to take some valuable paper. If you cannot buy a ticket for the ball, you can visit some afflicted neighbor.

Be careful, then, when you look for companions, and when you choose. We know many a foolish man, who, instead of choosing an industrious and prudent woman for a wife, took one from the fashionable stock, and is now lamenting his folly in dust and ashes. He ran into the fire with his eyes wide open, and who but himself is to blame.

The time was when the ladies went visiting and took their work with them.—This is the reason why we had such excellent mothers. How singular would a gay woman look in a fashionable circle during her father's stockings, or carding wool to spin! Would not her companions laugh at her? And yet such a woman would be a prize to somebody. Blessed is the man who chooses for his wife from despised girls "who work for their living."

DEATH—There is no object for which Freemasonry labors harder and toils more earnestly than to prepare its members for death—a triumphant and happy death—To accomplish this object, her most important lectures are given, and impressive emblems and symbols are used. The broken column—the virgins weeping—time with his scythe—the hour-glass—the spade and the coffin all tend to remind us that our life is drawing to a close, and should teach us to prepare for it. To him who is ready, death has no terrors. It matters not whether he falls at the South, West or East gate, yet the important work of life is done, and he falls with his face to the East waiting to catch the first ray streaming from the rising sun of righteousness, in the eternal morn.

We cannot meditate too much on this eventual crisis in human existence. Of all other events which attend human nature, it is the most trying, especially to him who is not ready. The principles of our Order, if correctly understood and strictly observed, will disarm the King of Terrors—change him from an enemy to a friend who will safely conduct us through the veil and vista, right up to the throne of the great Eternal. The practice of every real christian virtue is most impressively inculcated and enjoined both by precept and by example, by those who truly love our institution and have her interests at heart. And in this living, we become prepared not only for the important duties of life, but for a happy exit—a joyful reception into the Grand Lodge above,—*Square and Compass.*

"I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, 'My brother!—oh my brother!' A sage passed that way, and said, 'For whom dost thou mourn?' 'One,' replied he, 'whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel.' 'What would'st thou do if he were restored to thee?' The mourner replied that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace. 'Then waste not thy time in useless grief,' said the sage, 'but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also.'"

THE SENTINEL.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.
LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

The Election.

The election, so far as we have heard, passed off quietly on Monday last. We have received no official returns up to the time of going to press, though from previous indications it is thought a light vote has been polled. Stevenson's majority will probably reach from 50,000 to 60,000. The official vote of Montgomery county will be found in another column.

Umbrellas at Frank, Gump & Co's.

There are at the present time thirteen persons confined in our county jail. Probe says it is like an omnibus—there is always room for one more.

John W. Clay & Son, wholesale liquor dealers of this place, sold one day last week, 200 barrels of whiskey to a firm in New York at \$1.35 per gallon. The whiskey is two years old.

"Grand entrance" of new styles of clothing by Frank, Gump & Co.

Jas. Anderson, who was arrested in this county soon after the killing of Ed Smith, in Powell, sometime since, charged with that offense, was tried at Stanton last week and acquitted. Messrs. Holt and Daniel for the defense, and Messrs. Hill and White for the prosecution.

We received a communication from a friend in Morgan county a few days ago, but the election has passed, and as the letter was chiefly devoted to that it loses its interest. We would be pleased to hear from Morgan frequently.

Statements of the Anna and Putnam Insurance Companies will be found in our columns to day. These companies are small, and are abundantly able to meet all their losses. Wm. Hoffman is the agent at this place.

Who is your clothier? Frank, Gump & Co.

ANOTHER SALE OF WHISKY.—How and Barnes & Co., of the Montgomery Distillery, received an order one day last week from Mr. Charlton Alexander, for 200 barrels of their whiskey, but were able to furnish only 50 barrels.

Why was the negro who stole \$50 in gold coins and \$20 in silver from one of his brethren, caught? Because he was a suit of Frank, Gump & Co's.

We are indebted to Col. J. J. Miller, editor of the Farmer's Home Journal, and Secretary of the Kentucky State Agricultural Society for a complimentary ticket to the tenth annual fair of that Society. The fair will be held near Louisville, on the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th days of September next.

It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that Shelt. Cassidy has erected his mill on the Maysville pike, near the Hinkleston bridge, and that he is now prepared to shoe mules in the best manner. Mr. C. is a good workman, as all for whom he has worked will attest.

Marshal Burroughs arrested a colored negro boy named Barney Dale on Thursday last, charged with stealing a lot of bacon from Johnson Wilson. As the evidence is pretty conclusive against Barney, we suppose he will have his "clack saved" at the next term of the Circuit Court.

SEATON & BLATTERMAN.—We call the attention of the people of North-Eastern Kentucky to the advertisement of the above firm. They have in store a stock of goods second to no establishment in the West, which they will sell at Cincinnati quotations. They are prompt, reliable business men, and can be relied upon in all transactions.

ALMOST A FIRE.—About 9 o'clock, on last Wednesday night after prayer meeting at the new Christian Church, as Mr. John Maupin was putting out the lights one of the Chanellies fell, breaking one of the lamps. The oil immediately spread and took fire, and for a few moments it looked as if we were going to have a large fire, but fortunately it was extinguished before any considerable damage was done.

GREENSBAR SCHOOL.—It will be seen by an advertisement which we publish in another column, that Miss Lou Allen has returned to this county, and has taken charge of the above school. Miss Allen is a very popular teacher, and the new announcement that she is to again conduct this institution of learning, is sufficient to insure her a full school.

We understand a man named Wash Trimble was taken from his residence in the lower part of the county a few nights ago by several men, and thrashed with switches and cowhides, and ordered to leave the neighborhood in three days, but thinking it not safe to remain until the expiration of that time, he left the same night. He was of a bad character, and has been a great pest to the neighborhood.

Official Vote of Montgomery County.

Stevenson.	Baker.
199	9
142	6
133	20
266	36
841	65

Stevenson's maj.	Peters.	Williams.
753	8	8
195	9	8
95	8	8
142	8	8
149	22	22
272	20	20

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